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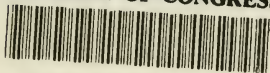
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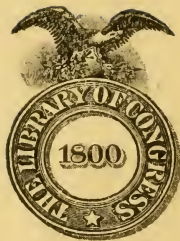
1866

BALLADS
AND
TRANSLATIONS

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BALLADS.

Wm. H. Brewster Jr.

BALLADS
AND
TRANSLATIONS.

BY
CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

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BALLADS.

A BRETON LEGEND.

AT dead of night, when the northern blast
Drives onward the white waves fierce and fast,
When the moon looks down like a sheeted ghost
On the sea-rent rocks of the Breton coast ;

When the raven shrieks a dismal tone
From the blood-dyed sacrificial stone—
The fisherman starts ! through the breakers' roar
A soft tap comes on his cottage-door !

“ Now what means this ? ”—forth does he peer—
Nought does he see and nought does he hear—
Nought does he see save the clouds that sail
O'er the granite cliffs of Cornuaille.

“ Now what means this ? ”—around him are cast
The arms of his wife, and she holds him fast ;
He feels her shudder, he hears her speak :
“ The frith is rough and the night is bleak —

“ The frith is rough—thy boat would'st launch ?
It would perish to-night, be it ever so staunch—
See over the furze moor, over the hill,
The huts of the fisherman dark and still.”

A tap on his door—he knows it well—
“ Thy lip is blanched, and thy heart doth swell !
Oh, stay by thy hearth-fire, ruddy and bright—
Sail not on the angry frith to-night ! ”

No answer he makes—one kiss on her face,
He casts her away from his fond embrace,
And downward goes with a faltering tread—
Downward and down—to the Bay of the Dead.

There, rocked on the surf, lies a freighted barque,
Its shape is strange, and its color is dark ;
Nought does he hear, and nought does he see,
But 'tis freighted with ghostly company.

Freighted so heavy, and freighted so low,
O'er its slimy edge the ripples flow—
Freighted so low to the ocean's brim
That dashes the salt spray over its rim.

Fisherman—fisherman! enter and steer!
Nor fair winds court, nor foul winds fear!
On and on, and over the sea
Pilot the barque with its company.

The fisherman shudders, and well he may—
He sees on the spectre-haunted bay
Gleam over the waters, mile on mile,
The torch-red light of the Druid isle.

Over the rush and over the roar
He hears the wail from the Druid shore,
A woman's weird, prophetic strain,
The Druidess' chant from the isle of Sein.

On, still on—far over the sea
Floateth the ghostly company—
Till far behind in the moonlight pale
Lie the granite cliffs of Cornuaille.

They pass the isles—they pass the caves,
Alone on the wide and trackless waves,
Till the beetling crags loom over the Sound,
And warn—they are nearing the Britain ground.

Now who shall land in a night like this ?
The giant surges coil and hiss—
They break, they roar up the mountain-side
Hollowed and seamed with the seething tide !

But over the surf and off from the sea
The freighted craft leaps fearlessly—
Off from the sea, and over the surf
The prow almost touches the fresh green turf.

Through the gloom, afar as eye may reach,
Trend inland the old woods from the beach,
The oaks of a thousand years—they sigh
With the breath of the gale eternally.

What sounds from their innermost bosom float ?
Some lonely night-bird's mournful note ?
No—the fisherman hears a soft voice swell,
And he sits entranced by its magic spell.

Like the rustle of leaves when the noontide-hour
Is hushed ere the fall of the summer-shower,
That low, sweet sound floats down to the bay
And summons the ghostly crew away.

Their names are called—their journey is done—
They go from the benches one by one—
Little by little the keel grows light,
Till it dances, a chip, on the foamy height.

Now, fisherman, row ! the stars pale fast,
The morning scent is on the blast—
Now, fisherman, row with might and main !
Back—back to the Breton coast again ;

For if the daybeam's kindling spark
Finds thee afloat in that stranger barque,
To-morrow night thyself will be
One of that ghostly company !

So night by night when the wan clouds sail
O'er the granite cliffs of Cornuaille,
And the Druidess' chant, like a cry of pain,
Comes up from the mystic isle of Sein—

The fisherman starts from his rugged bed,
And downward wends to the Bay of the Dead,
Over the Straight—through the breakers' roar—
To ferry the dead to Britain's shore.

And this is why—when the conquering Franks
Poured over the dark blue Rhine their ranks,
To vex with spoil and tribute all
The fiefs and harvest-lands of Gaul ;

The fishermen on those rocks so bare
From tax and toll exempted were,
Since theirs the task to ferry o'er
The souls of the dead to Britain's shore.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

As the hearth-fire roaring, blazing,
 Warms the long December night,
What strange pictures thought is tracing
 In its red and golden light;

Childhood in its realms enchanted—
 With its joys, its wishes crowned—
And its legends wild and haunted,
 As the Christmas-tide comes round,

With its fairy tasks and graces—
 With its evening hymn's soft swell—
Laughs and freaks and smiling faces,
 And its pets—ah, loved how well!

With the world so fair before it,
With its hours of heart-felt mirth,
And the beams of heaven still o'er it,
Lending their own hues to earth.

In the hearth-fire roaring, gleaming,
Pale those visions bright have grown;
Youth with pensive eye sits dreaming
Of the future's vast unknown.

Youth! the past and future lending
Each its beauties, each its truth,
In one golden glow are blending
Round the magic hours of youth.

Learning's paths in endless number
Then their vistas fair unroll,
Then the harpstrings wake from slumber
Each soft passion of the soul.

Then the heart, ere grief has reft it
Of its earliest, freshest flowers,
Tastes the bliss that sole is left it
Pure from our lost Eden's bowers.

Still the hearth-fire bright is glowing ;

Youth has sped on noiseless feet,
Gentler cares succeed, bestowing
Graver thoughts but not less sweet ;

And new tiny feet, new voices

Gather round, new happy hearts ;
All that charms us and rejoices
Home's enchanted bound imparts.

Consummated are life's pleasures

One by one as counted o'er,
And the full heart clasps its treasures,
Even its own—forevermore.

Still the flickering hearth-fire flashes,

Hark ! was 't distant music's sound ?
Lightly falling—sparks and ashes
Gather dull and dead around.

But those visions, fair and cherished

In the hearth-fire lately seen—
Were they of what was and perished—
Or what only might have been ?

Both or either—can it matter?
Both are nothing—all is still
Save the heavy raindrops' patter,
And the storm upon the hill.

.

GERDA.

LoUD on the lattice splashed the rain,
The midnight storm was drear,
When came a tap on Gerda's pane,
A voice was in her ear,—

“Awake, my love, my locks are wet,
My steed pants for the way ;
Give me one smile, one kind word yet,
Ere we two part for aye.”

“The hour is late, the storm is high,
Thy face is pale to see ;
Dismount, my lord, thy locks I'll dry,
And set some food for thee.”

“It may not be, I cannot stay,
Hark to the distant sea—
And shrieks along the mountain way—
A summons ’tis for me.

O Gerda! ere thy faith and mine
Were plight, *my* faith was given
To one nor human nor divine,
And not of earth or heaven.

Deep in the sea she rears her bower,
She claims my promise plight;
She summons with resistless power,
Our bridal is to-night.”

“And if thy bridal is to-night,
And if ’tis not with me,
Then never morning’s hateful light
Again these eyes shall see.

Dismount, my Hacon, why this haste—
What idle dreams are those?
Come, in thy Gerda’s cottage taste
Refreshment and repose.”

“ Give me a cup of water, dear,
He'll guard thee in whose Name
One cup of water given here
A cup of life may claim.”

“ Call *thou* then on that Name, be sure
Before that Name no spell,
Nor charm, nor magic, shall endure,—
In heaven, or earth, or hell.”

“ Hark to the thunder of the sea—
And shrieks along the dell ;
No hope, nor aid, nor prayer, for me ;—
One kiss—dear love—farewell.”

“ Awake—awake—my brother dear,
Hacon this night will ride,
Nor broken faith nor vengeance fear,
To win a bonny bride.

And was not I to be his bride ?
Was not his promise plight ?
Arise, my brother, we must ride
Fast on his track to-night.

For if his bridal is to-night,
And if 'tis not with me,
Then never morning's hateful light
Again these eyes shall see."

Now she has donned her best attire,
Her hood and sandals gray,
The raindrops splash, the skies are fire ;
The coursers speed away.

A thousand graves below, around,
Yawn 'neath the lightning's streak,
And ghosts start up with moaning sound,
And opening coffins creak.

Along the city's miry street
Loud beats the sullen rain,
With blood-red eyes, and faster feet,
The coursers speed amain.

"O brother, brother, hold my rein ;
My rash vow I revoke ;
Heaven will not smile on vengeance ta'en,
Or words in anger spoke."

“Nay, thou hast sworn that morning’s light
No more those eyes should see ;
And I that Hacon for this slight
Should vengeance pay to me.”

The soil is soft, the weeds are rank,
And dark lakes stretch around,
And poisonous fogs hang o’er the bank,
And hide the slippery ground.

The hill is steep, the plain is wide,
The loud rains plash amain,
They thunder up the mountain side,
And toil along the plain.

“O brother, brother, hold my rein,
My rash vow I revoke ;
Heaven will not smile on vengeance ta’en,
Or words in anger spoke.”

“Nay, thou hast sworn that morning’s light
No more those eyes should see ;
And I that Hacon for this slight
Should vengeance pay to me.”

The red morn gleamed along the shore,
And loud the red cock crew,
As faster toward the breakers' roar
The steeds resistless flew.

Hark! o'er the waters slow
Booms a passing bell;
Hark! sea-nymphs ring below
A long and doleful knell.

"Thy love sleeps calm on amber rocks
Strewn with whitest sands,
The cold wave lifts his sable locks,
Tangle binds his hands.

Sea-shells murmur anthems strange,
Naiads smooth his face,
Plant bright corals, and arrange
His limbs with decent grace.

Come and share thy lover's rest,
Soft the billows swell,
Sea-weed is the bridal vest,
A dirge the bridal bell."

Thrice the heavy death-knell tolls
 Calling sad and slow ;
Thrice are prayers said for the souls
 Of those that sleep below.

THE INDIAN'S MESSAGE.

LOUDLY through the dark pine forest
Moans the morning blast amain,
As the lonely Indian journeys
Swiftly towards the northern plain :

Sees where from the white man's village
Smoke goes curling towards the west ;
By the white man's lonely churchyard
Sits he down awhile to rest.

Suddenly there stood beside him
A strange Indian, tall and proud ;
Wan and ghastly were his features,
And he wore a snow-white shroud.

“On Missouri’s banks my war-cry
Once led up the foeman’s track,
Where my Sioux from the battle
Empty-handed ne’er came back.

“Many a hundred miles I journeyed
By my father’s grave to stand ;
And I sickened, pined and died here,
Died here in the white man’s land.

“In a snow-white shroud they wrapped me,
And a narrow coffin gave,
And among their kindred laid me,
In a dark and dismal grave.

“Placed they by my side no hatchet,
And no paints to deck my face,
In my hand no bow and arrows,
And no trophies of the chase.

“With no tomahawk beside me,
With no trophies in my hand,
How was I to meet my fathers
In the distant spirit-land?

“Many a weary year I’ve listened
For the well-known Indian tread,
For a brother Indian passing
In the grass above my head.

“By great Manitou I charge thee
Seek my kindred and my tribe,
Tell them how I pined and sickened,
And my lonely grave describe.

“Tell them to bring here my hatchet,
Bows and arrows in my hand,
And in beads and feathers dress me
To adorn the spirit-land.

“Put aside this cold dark coffin,
Prisoning here my wearied form,
Bring my furs and spoils of hunting,
Wrap me in my mantle warm.

“Tell them how I scorned the white man
With his creed of pomp and pride,
Deigned to him no word or answer,
Prayed to Manitou, and died.

“ And by the Great Spirit charge them
Never let the war-cry cease,
Never be the hatchet buried,
Never smoked the pipe of peace !

“ If we dare retaliation,
Loud they blazon forth our shame,
Frame complaints, and call down vengeance
On the Indian's injured name.

“ Who first reaped our rightful harvests ?
Trampled on our fathers' graves ?
Scorned our wives, and slew our children,
And of freemen made us slaves ?

“ Who first wove the web of treason ?
First made faith and treaties vain ?
War eternal on the white man
Can alone efface the stain !

“ See, the east grows red ; I charge thee
Once more, warn my Sioux braves ;
Let them dye in blood their hatchets
Far along Missouri's waves !

“ Hark—the cock crows!—I must hasten
To the lonely grave they made me,
To the dark and narrow coffin
Where the hated white man laid me! ”

EULALIE.

I.

WHEN barren were the fern and copse,
And loud the north wind's sweep,
And on the moors and mountain tops
The yellow leaves lay deep ;

Thy hands a golden garland sought
Far through the faded bowers,
For me—sweet Eulalie—and wrought
Of autumn's latest flowers.

The long months passed with frost and snow,
And cold clear skies above—
And earth once more awoke, to glow
With bursting life and love ;

Some withered violets came to me
From far beyond the wave—
Spring's earliest flowers, sweet Eulalie,
And gathered on thy grave.

II.

If thy brief life of love, so blest
So beauteous in its grace divine,
Awoke one longing in my breast—
One pang that such could ne'er be mine—

With what a deeper longing, how
I envy now thy tranquil sleep—
The heart that swells not, sinks not now,
The eye that will not wake to weep.

And thou, in thy cold English grave—
I, with thine image in my heart—
HE who our various fortunes gave
May say, whose is the better part:

Thou, at His feet in joy serene,
Forgetting earth's vain sorrowings—
I, hurried through life's restless scene,
And troubled about many things.

III.

With what a longing do I turn
To yon blue mansions of the blest,
To thee, my gentle friend, and yearn
To be with thee, to be at rest!

To clasp that hand so warm of yore,
To mark that heart with rapture swell,
And hear that voice that nevermore
Shall breathe the hated word—farewell!

And thou hast left me ; but the track
Thy feet have pressed I travel fast ;
To my poor home thou com'st not back,
But I will enter thine at last.

How like a midnight dream, and less,
This life will seem to thee and me,
As age on age of blessedness
Rolls on in our eternity!

THE JUNGFRAU.

THE hunter toiled o'er the Jungfrau height,
Whose calm, eternal peak of snow
Was rosy with the sunset light ;
Deep lay the valleys wrapped in night ;
And wearily he toiled and slow ;

When, on the steep ascent, there glides
A snow-white maid before his eyes ;--
"See, night is gathering far and wide,
There's danger on the Jungfrau's side ;
Rest here with me till morning rise."

"I cannot stay ; my cottage ray
Doth in the valley waiting burn ;

My bride would watch till break of day,
And tremble for the treacherous way
O'er which she knows I must return."

Again, when day had parted quite,
Before him the same maiden stood ;—
"Oh, rest thee in my arms to-night;
Alone I dwell on the Jungfrau height,
And wearied am with solitude.

The steep descent would but beguile,
The precipice is slippery still ;
Thy bride may wait yet for awhile ;
Here till the ruddy day-beams smile,
Forget thy weariness and chill."

Her arms of snow are round him cast ;
He sinks to sleep upon her breast ;
Loud roars the rising Alpine blast,
The night is cold, the snow falls fast,
But nevermore they break his rest.

THE MAID OF THE MORASS.

As night on the deep morasses sank,
And the huntsman homeward late returned,
He saw a maid sit on the bank,
A rush-light fast beside her burned.

“Tell me, O lovely maid, I pray,
Is there a kindly cottage nigh?
For long ago I lost my way,
When the sun set red in the western sky.”

She raised to him her soft blue eye,
And pushed from her brow the golden hair:
“A cottage shelter is hard by,
And safely will I guide thee there.”

In her snow-white hand she lifts her lamp,
And he follows her through the deep morass;
On the dark rank grass the dews are damp,
And black fogs hang o'er the dangerous pass.

“O maiden, pray, is the cottage nigh?
For two long hours we've wandered here.”
She turns to him her soft blue eye—
“The cottage hearth-fire blazes near.”

And on through the deep morass they toil,
And dark reeds wave a deadly shade,
And waters splash on the yielding soil,
And damp with dews the night-breeze played.

“The soil is soft, the airs are damp,
Lose not, fair maid, the way to-night;”
But onward she points with her fitful lamp—
“O the cottage almost is in sight.”

But soon no more he heeds the way,
Enamored of the witching maid;
He follows her through the vapors gray,
And through the rank grass' deadly shade.

And on through deep dense fogs they roam,
And broad black lakes around them lie ;
Forgets he friends, and hearth, and home,
To follow the maid with the soft blue eye.

So, huntsmen ! who at twilight pass
Late by the deep morass, and see
A maid sit in the dark rank grass,
With a rush-light burning fitfully ;

Heed not her words, nor look in her eyes—
For they whom she guides through the foggy
pass,
Forget soon friends, and home, and ties,
For the witching maid of the morass.

TAWASENTHA LAKE.

Οἴη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοίη δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
 Φύλλα τὰ μέν τ' ἄνεμος χαμάδις χέει, ἄλλα δέ θ' ὕλη
 Τηλεθόωσα φύει, ἕαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρη·
 Ὡς ἀνδρῶν γενεή, ἣ μὲν φύει, ἣ δ' ἀπολήγει.

WEARILY I wake and listen,
 Wearily the moonbeams glisten
 On the thousand roofs and towers ;
 Shadows black and sharp move slowly
 O'er the pavements, through the holy
 Silence of the midnight hours.

Past the portals of the wealthy
 Creeps some footstep slow and stealthy—
 And the great clock's eye of fire

Through the sleeping city's mazes
Like a spirit witness gazes
From its solitary spire.

But my eyes are ever turning
To the opening door, are yearning
Ever towards the opening door ;
'Tis the stranger enters ever,
Ah! the feet I long for, never,
Never cross my threshold more.

On my brow a soft touch lingers,
'Tis the gentle stranger's fingers,
Not the hands I clasped of yore ;
'Tis the stranger looks upon me,
With the self-same eyes that won me
In the days that are no more.

A sweet vision bends above me—
Pray thee, leave me then or love me,
For my heart is sick with woe ;
Dreaming of the loved and cherished,
Dreaming of the lost and perished,
Dead and buried, long ago.

But the vision fair and saintly
Fades ; a pale gray streak creeps faintly
 On the blank wall and the door ;
And I think of cold gray morning
O'er far Tawasentha dawning,
 Dawning on the pebbly shore.

Thin white mists roll up the valley,
O'er the great elms' tangled alley
 Sounding with the gushing spring ;
O'er the mimic isles and billows—
The mossed seat beneath the willows,
 Where we heard the robin sing.

There in dreamy noontide, over
Knee-deep grass and scented clover,
 Wavy shadows come and pass ;
There the laden bee rejoices,
And the merry children's voices
 Gathering blue-bells in the grass.

Oft when eastward the long shadows
Of the poplars streaked the meadows,
 Have I crossed the little bridge ;

Through the forest-walk with beeches
Musical and dark, that reaches
 Winding to the northern ridge.

Far—a dark line, lay the river—
Broad and ripening grain-fields quiver,
 As the light breeze wanders through ;
And the hills beyond, extended,
Blue and bluer, until blended
 With the calm, eternal blue.

Sweetly chimes the distant vespers,
Sweetly rises love's own Hesper
 O'er the homestead on the brink—
While at times from out the thicket
The soft carols of the cricket
 On the warm air rise and sink.

Ah! even like that scene elysian
All the future's golden vision
 Spread before my dreaming eyes ;
Sweet the home of love and duty—
Fair the far-off hills of beauty
 Towering, blending with the skies.

Hark! where dust with dust is lying,
Wakes a dreary whisper, sighing :
 Vain the fond heart's hope and scheme ;
All the light its promise lendeth,
When the night of death descendeth,
 All—is but an idle dream.

Hark! from yon unseen dominions,
'Tis the sweep of seraph pinions,
 'Tis the word of surety—
All the bliss this life but dreameth,
When the eternal morning beameth
 Will be made reality.

THE MARINER.

WHEN day along the Ægean deep
His parting glory flung,
A maid on Samos' sunny steep
Wove sedgy wreaths and sung :

“Swiftly roll, O blue, blue sea;
Sweetly smile, blue skies above;
Safe, ye breezes, back to me
Waft the bark that bears my love.

“Long ago our hearts were plighted,
Then I trusted him to thee,
Soon again to be united.
Swiftly roll, O blue, blue sea!”

Sudden from the rock she gazed,
Sees she 'neath the deep blue wave
A pale face to hers upraised—
Pale and solemn as the grave.

Sea-green were those floating tresses,
Decked with sea-flower and with shell,
A soft voice her ear addresses—
But she knows that voice too well :

“Cease, my love, and weep no more,
Vain for me thy prayers arise,
Far on Suli's rocky shore,
Wrecked, my shattered vessel lies.

“Now I dwell in coral chamber,
Fairest nymphs around me throng,
Wreath my locks with shells and amber,
Murmur soft a lulling song.

“Yet are their caresses cold,
And I swam the wide blue sea
Once more my Samos to behold,
Once more to speak a word with thee.”

No more his tale she hears him tell,
Slides she from the steep,
In coral cell with her love to dwell,
Far in the blue, blue deep.

THE WANDERER.

LEAGUE on league steadily
Cleaving the moonlit sea,
Northward, away, swift the stout vessel's flight ;
On her deck cannon gleamed,
Flags and torn ensigns streamed,
Spoils she had won in the sturdy sea-fight.

Loud the carouse and laugh,
Red is the wine they quaff,
As that day's heroes recount on her deck,
How with the foeman's mast
Grappled she fierce and fast,
How her tough beams quivered over the wreck.

Bending above the prow,
Lone, and unlistening now,
He whose voice ruled in the thunderous fray,
Hears not his vaunted name,
Heeds not the deathless fame
Won where the cannon's breath blackened the
day.

The sea below—the stars above—
The plash before the prow—
'Tis to the music-touch of love
His spirit vibrates now ;

He sees the face of his fair young bride,
His home by the northern sea ;
The parting that was—the joy, the pride,
The meeting that is to be.

League on league steadily,
Hour by hour peacefully,
Westward the moon and one star with her sails ;
Far through the northern air,
Pale grows the Greater Bear,
Pale grows the Lesser—the polar star pales.

Still with the rushing wave
Mingles the martial stave,
Loud blows the bugle blast forth on the night—
Still bending o'er the prow,
Lone and unlistening now,
He whose eye calmly beamed o'er the sea-fight.

He sees the face of his fair young bride,
His home by the northern sea,
The parting that was—the joy, the pride,
The meeting that is to be.

Hark! 'twas the seaman's cry—
Ho! land ho! cheerily—
And colder breezes ruffle the sea,
From the ice-fields rushing forth;
Through the morning twilight, far to lee,
The mist-robed giant cliffs stand out—
Like northern gods in council rout,
When Asgard echoes with the shout;
They look o'er the foam and froth;
Merrily ho! cheer merrily!
Tis the snow-land of the north.

Merrily, madly the white caps dance,
Like a reed does the staunch mast bow,
Swift as an eagle's pinions glance
Round swoops the gallant prow,
By the light-house—by the sunken ledge—
By the cliffs and the sleeping town—
The cheers are given and drained is the pledge,
And manned are the boats to the water's edge,
As deep drops the anchor down.

The reedless pools below,
And the moorlands frozen lie;
From the pines black 'gainst the sky
Comes the "caw-caw" of the crow.

The sun sets red, and pours
A flood of glory broad and brief
On the line of breakers on the reef,
The breakers on the shore.

It slants up the snow-deep land,
And gleams like a star to the tall church vane,
And burns like fire on the cottage pane
That looks o'er the lonely strand.

The wanderer stands in his silent hall—
No face of welcome does he meet,
He only hears his footstep fall,
And he hears his own heart beat;
And answering to the deep sea's tone
That comes disconsolate and lone,
The old clock ticking from the wall—
Warning, as it warned of yore,
All who step the threshold o'er
And hear it heedlessly—
Time is—time is no more—
Time is eternity!

The curtained room is hushed and chill; there lies
What will not move or speak—
Where is the welcome to illumine those eyes?
The blush to warm that cheek?

Where of this soul bereaved the earthly all—
Its hope and joy of yore?
O dust and ashes! 'neath the funeral pall,
In the dread nevermore!

Slow the northern constellations wheel
Round the polar star,
Lurid dance the northern fires and reel
O'er the waste afar.

On the white shroud glares the taper white—
Glares the white face o'er—
One last night beside her, one long night,
And then—O nevermore !

* * * * *

To and fro
In the church-tower swings the sullen bell,
Wearily the bearers go,
With a weary breath they pass, and slow,
To the hollow and doleful knell.

Out into the cold crisp air—
Out from the walls her smile has blessed,
Over the threshold her feet have pressed,
A cold still thing they bear.

A pale blue wintry sky ;
An icy glare round the church-yard stone,
Down into the grave a dead leaf flits,
A little snowbird shivering sits
By the church-yard gate alone ;
The long procession halting there—
O loved and loving, more than friend,
O loving heart-friend, bride and wife !
Is this the end ?
Calm, solemn floats upon the air,
“ I am the Resurrection and the Life.”

A sinking coffin—a long dull sound
Of a voice's monotonous tone—
A rattling rope—a fall of ground ;
Slowly is heaped the little mound ;
The dead and the living are left alone.

Twilight sinks on the roaring beach,
Longer the lengthening shadows reach,
Sea-fogs rise and sweep like ghosts
From the restless sea o'er the long bleak coasts,
The owl from the forest bare and high
Prolongs her melancholy cry,

And Sirius looks from the eastern hill
On the little church-yard white and still,
All sheeted in its snow-shroud save
That one dark spot—the new-made grave.

* * * * *

In joy—in gloom have rolled away
The years since that cold burial day ;
With summer blossoms teems the dell,
And 'neath the west wind's quickening powers
The wastes of water heave and swell,
And bloom forth into snow-white flowers ;
And o'er the surge
A spirit voice, low, sweet, intones a dirge.

The cricket hums his drowsy tune,
Through thick boughs peers the cold wan moon
On the stained and fallen headstone ;
Athwart the rank grass drearily
The northern ocean wearily
Sends a deep thunder moan.

A story 'tis of days long gone—
That beauteous bride, that marriage morn,
 That cottage by the sea,
Where fancy in the hearth-fire blaze
Wrought many a shape for coming days,
 All—save what was to be.

That hallowed place where thou didst kneel
To give in love, for woe or weal,
 Thy gentle heart and hand;
There strangers kneel and strangers pray,
And one, alone, far—far away,
 Is in a stranger's land.

In glittering robes he stands, and to
The gorgeous altar's golden glow
 He lifts the consecrated cup;
Amid the fume of censer fires—
The blaze of lights—the chanting choirs—
 An image from his heart floats up.

It whispers softly—nought can change
The soul, nor lessen nor estrange
 Love on that blissful shore,
Where in a blest eternity,
The loving unto death, shall be
 The loving evermore.

JUNE EVENING.

Ἑστί δ' ὅπη νύν ἔστι.

DARK and broad swelled the river's breast,
The full moon hung o'er the eastern hill,
While the uplands and the downs were still
On fire with the red and burning west.

From the town below rose loud and sweet
The vesper chime, a voice of love,
While the barracks that crowned the hill above
Were loud with the fife, and the drum's quick
beat.

But to my soul from the far-off past
Ever a voice read soft and low,
Of the Argive host, and the Thracian blast,
And the maid that perished long ago.

And in my ears—an echo afar—
Ever an old Greek chorus rung,
Ever the song of fate it sung—
“As things are, even so they are.”

Bright and brighter the moon looked down
Till molten gold glowed the river's flood,
The red fire died in the western wood,
And lights gleamed up from the silent town.

And far away stretched dim and dark,
The uplands and downs 'neath the misty sky;
And nought was heard save the bull-frog's cry,
Or the distant watch-dog's ceaseless bark.

The visions of the far-off past,
They paled—they faded into gloom,
That voice grew faint, and died at last,
Even to the silence of the tomb.

Yet in my ears—an echo afar—
Ever the old Greek chorus rung,
Ever the song of fate it sung,
“As things are, even so they are.”

DIRGE OF ADONIS.

Ἄ δὲ τάλαινα

Ζῶω, καὶ θεὸς ἐμῶν, καὶ οὐ δύναμαί σε διώκειν.

ΒΙΟΝ.

IMMORTAL in thy loveliness and youth
 Thou art—my lover and my friend ;
 And thy love's oath—"True even unto the end,"
 The end hath sealed its truth.
 I shall not day by day
 Behold thy beauty waste away—
 The bright locks whitening o'er the wrinkled
 brow—
 Nor old age steal at length
 The spirit's pride and strength,

Nor the warm heart grow cold
And wither in the fold
Of mine—aye changeless as thyself art now.
Ah—woe is me!
Mine immortality
Hath sundered us—I may not follow thee.

Thine eyes' last look in mine
Was all joy's fulness, and the press
Of thy caress—
Thy lips' last touch all fire and tenderness—
Mingling a goddess' soul with thine;—
Then parted—fading from each other's sight
Into the brightness of the morrow's promise,
As fades some heavenly vision from us
Into the splendor of the heavenly light.
Ah! farewell hour!
Ah! had some power
Prophetic warned it was the fatal hour!
Ah—woe is me!
Mine immortality
Hath sundered us—I may not follow thee.

The summer day went by—
 I saw thee lie
Before my feet—cold, beauteous marble form.
 I spoke not—wept not—but the warm
 Life currents in their fount grew still and
 frore.
 A fixed forevermore unchanging grace
 Was on that tranquil face,
And by that look of loveliness I knew
My soul's intense, deep love and reverence grew
 Fixed—changeless evermore.
 And through the gloom,
 The cloud-wrapt tomb,
 And through infinity—
 And through eternity—
 I seek thee, yearning, longing wearily—
And still I find thee not, and still I yearn—
 Ah! for one hour's return!
 Ah—woe is me!
 Mine immortality
Hath sundered us—I may not follow thee.

O happy mortals ! when you weep above
Some cherished grave,
Be comforted—your human love
At least can die with what it could not save.
But me !
Ah—woe is me !
Mine immortality
Hath sundered us—I may not follow thee.

Mine own—all mine !
The costliest shrine
Where kneeling crowds burn incense to my name,
And my dread power proclaim,
Less sacred is to me than this poor spot
Where all *I* worshipped—is ?—ah, no !—is not.
Ah—woe is me !
Mine immortality.
Hath sundered us—I may not follow thee.

No longer can earth give
To me a hope or bliss ;
In thy dim shadowy world with thee I live,
And see like far-off things the events of this.

When summer morning floods
With rose hues the cleft ridges and dense woods,
When dewes are glittering on the grass,
And with fleet step the huntress Oreads pass,
And through the dells is borne
The music of the horn,

Then do I wander lonely and forlorn—
O'er the lone mountains like a dream I flit.

When shadows shroud the brake,
And thousand birds their glad night-carols sing,
And from the low deep-hidden lake
Comes up the plashing of the swan's white wing,
I fold my hands and sit

Lonely and desolate where thou dost lie—
Lonely and longing for the power to die—
I sit and dream what may not be.

Ah—woe is me!

Mine immortality

Hath sundered us—I may not follow thee.

BAGATELLE.

1st Voice.

MERRILY steer ! while the ocean waves
Are bright with the morning glow—
Who cares for the rocks and the coral caves
And the lurking sands below !

2d Voice.

Yet deep where the coral bowers are reared,
Are couches of sea-weed pale—
Where many a seaman that merrily steered,
Sleeps on through calm and gale.

1st Voice.

Merrily steer! while blue is the sky,
Ho—ho! for the foamy crest!
Who thinks of the tempest's lightning eye
In its lair afar, at rest!

2d Voice.

Yet the tempest marks from his sullen lair
His prey on the sounding sea—
Merrily steer, while the skies are fair,
Too soon they may darkened be.

THE VIKING.

THE southern sunbeam colder grew
As it gleamed on the narrow floor,
The black stones wet with prison dew—
His death-wounds red with gore.

His chains grow heavy where they lie,
His heart beats faint with loss,
And a film steals o'er his cold proud eye
As the friar uplifts the cross.

Without the moat, through the palm grove tall,
Float the light gale's melodies;
Feebly his wan hand beats the wall—

Not the hooded friar does he hear or heed—
Nor the whispered prayer, nor the dropping
 bead ;
But he hears the far-off waterfall
Through the Norland's mountain gorges call—
 And the rush of the Norland breeze ;
Death's shadows fold him like a pall,
 And his dreams are memories.

Through the dew-drenched forest of the North
 Slants down the day's excess,
On the woodwalk and the streamlet's froth
 Deep in the wilderness—
The breath of blossoms sweet breathes forth
 To the balmy air's caress.

I feel, my love, thy presence near—
 Thy soft heart beating warm,
Thy voice, my love, rings in my ear
 The music of its charm,
The touch of thy soft white hand is here,
 The cling of thy soft white arm.

* * * * *

Without the moat they come and go—
The palm grove's fairy chime.
He hears not the kneeling friar speak low
The words of a hope sublime;
But the wan hand on the wall beats time
To the harp-string's prelude ere the flow
Of the saga's runic rhyme.

Loud is the wassail bout—
The night-hours wax toward morn,
Mead froths like a foamy cataract out
From flagon and drinking horn.
Down from the walls in the torchlight glance
Reindeer antlers, and hauberk and lance
In many a battle borne;
Skalds scream heroic runes
Fiercely to the northern tunes;
Harpers old chant staves
Of heroes from the Norsemen sprung,
Who blood-red flags to the storm-blast flung—
Then slept in blood-red graves.

Silence falls on voice and string,
An envoy from the Norsemen's king
Stands in the midst, my name
He shouts—"Art thou not he who swore
Long since by Odin and by Thor
To do a deed of fame—
To sail, and never, never more
Look on thine own, thy country's shore,
Till thou hadst hunted from the sea
The foe whose deeds of bravery
Have wrought thy country's shame?"

My merry crew all—come throng to me—
We swear once more by Odin's head,
An oath in Asgard registered—
This night we put to sea.

* * * * *

Without the moat, through the palm grove tall,
The southern breeze makes moan,
Fainter the lessening sunbeams crawl
Up the cold black prison stone,

Still feebly the wan hand beats the wall—
He hears not the friar's low accents fall,
But the roar of the surf on the sand beach poured,
The thunder of the far fiord,
And the ocean's monotone.

O'er the dark blue wave away—away—
League on league, and day on day,
And month on month, afar and nigh
A barren sea, a barren sky,
Till the salt-sea foam we loathe;
Now with the full sail merrily,
Now with the slow oar wearily;
We had sworn a direful oath.

Our midnight lamps of seal oil burn,
The hurricane fierce rushes down on our stern,
We scud before it away—away—
In morning's gray
Athwart our bow
Looms up the black hull of the foe.
We bear down on her, lock the mast,

The torn spars shiver—
The strong keels quiver—
We grapple fast.
Then cutlasses flashed and blood leapt forth—
The shock of bucklers, and the hail
Of thick strokes rattling on the mail—
The slippery deck was heaped with dead;
No groan came from the men of the North
As their souls to Walhalla sped.
The foe give way—
No cry for quarter—the last we slay—
The long swell lifts
The wreck that drifts
Lumbered with corpses white and red.

* * * * *

Without the moat still through the palm
The gales sing melodies;
He hears not the friar's low-murmured psalm,
But his hand beats time to the plashing calm
Of the prow through the midnight seas.
Hark! 'tis the helmsman's cry—
Afar to leeward we espy

The beacon light
That cleaves the night.
From the headlands where the hoarse surf broke,
Tall red flames streaked the shifting waves,
And fitful gleamed in the spray-washed caves,
And overspread the Norland sky
With wreaths of gusty smoke.

* * * * *

The hand that grasps the wall grows numb,
O'er the swimming eyes does a blackness come,
The world in its funeral pall lies dumb.

On lurid snow-drift and on lurid main
The northern fires burn red ;
Why lead me to this snow-deep, frozen plain,
Where sleep the Norland's dead ?

A little mound, a little cross hard by
To mark the slumberer's head—
O! all that loved me 'neath the unpitying sky !
My own, my darling dead !

O never more! O never more!
By Odin and by Frey and Thor,
Will I behold my country's shore.

Up—up—my merry crew—throng to me,
Ours be a life of victory!

Come swear with me once more, once more
By Odin and by Frey and Thor,
This night we put to sea.

The hand drops lifeless from the wall—
The chains clank on the stone—
May Christ have pity on us all—
The friar has crossed himself with a groan,
And shudders and prays with a trembling tone—
Miserere Domine!

THE ROSE WREATHS.

IN a balmy vale of Paradise
With flowers and sunbeams bright,
Two cherubs sat, and wove two wreaths
Of roses, red and white.

“For whom those wreaths of roses?”
A spirit passing said—
“Your locks are crowned already
With roses, white and red.”

“Last night, with a brother cherub
We twain to earth went down,
And passed by a dingy alley
In a drear and dusky town;

“There lay a suffering beggar boy,
His couch the cold hard earth,
No food upon his fevered lip,
No fire upon his hearth.

“And yet he smiled as we went by
So patient in his woe,
We wept for pity, nor could bear
To leave him there below.

“And we prayed to our Creator
In His mercy and His love,
To take him from that dismal home
To dwell with us above.

“Our loved Creator promised us
Before the midnight drear
Again should gather over him,
He should be with us here.

“One brother cherub waits below
To soothe him as he may,
Through the hunger and the weariness
Of this long suffering day ;

“The wreaths are almost finished,
For night will soon be down
On the dark and dismal alley
Of that drear and dusky town.”

Night came down on the city
With its thousand forms of dread,
And ere the midnight peal rung out
The beggar boy was dead :

In the balmy vale of Paradise
Four cherubs sat that night,
Intoning hymns to God—and crowned
With roses, red and white.

HISTORICAL BALLADS.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, of Sweden, was one of the most beautiful characters in history. Schiller says: The questionable fame of a conqueror never tempted him to unjust wars, but he never shrank from a just one. He was the greatest general of the age, and the bravest soldier in his army. His personal character was irreproachable, and he strove to make his army the same. To sum up all, he was a man and a Christian, a king and a hero.

The victory of Lutzen was claimed by both Swedes and Austrians; but WALLENSTEIN, who led the latter, showed his sense of defeat by an immediate retreat.

The guilt of FRANCIS of Lauenberg has never been proved, but his career excites strong suspicion. In early youth he was at the Swedish court, and, for some impropriety, received reproof which he never forgave. He afterwards entered the Imperial army; without any apparent reason, he left it, and attached himself to the Swedes, and immediately on the death of GUSTAVUS returned again to his old master, WALLENSTEIN.

LUTZEN.

ALAS, alas for Lutzen! the bloody field of death,
Where in our good old cause was hushed full
many a noble breath!
Ours was the shout of victory, the weeping and
dismay—
For our Gustavus' sacred life was offered up that
day.

How sullen rose the misty morn along the
Swedish train,
And hid from sight the long array of Austria and
Spain,

The gallant counts of Italy, who left their southern home
To side with Ferdinand and fight in the great
cause of Rome;
And bands of plundering Poles and Croats, who
throng without rebuke,
Like vultures, to the bloody feast spread out by
Friedland's Duke.
O German land! canst thou pronounce without a
curse that name,
The tyrant of the thirty years that wrought thy
woe and shame?
Think of the blazing villages, the trampled corn
and vines,
The cities sacked, the peasants slain, the murdered
Palatines!

But hark! a shout! see through the mist the
royal banners wave,
See riding through the ranks the king, the merciful
and brave,
So bold and wise in battle, so gentle when 'tis o'er,
And humbling still his kingly head the King of
kings before :

He smiles upon the German host, his allies true
and tried,

Then turns upon his Swedes a look of softness
and of pride—

“ Mine own good Swedes! ’twas not for gain or
glory in the strife

We left behind us hearth and home and child
and sire and wife,

But ’twas to right the grievous wrong, the fet-
tered slave unbind,

For God and for his holy word, for freedom
and mankind;

Now to the God of armies give glory while ye
may,

For in his hand He holds alone the issue of this
day.”

He said—and knelt before his ranks; and loud the
shout arose

With sounds of martial minstrelsy, and ere its
echoes close,

The mist rolls slowly from the field, and thunder
down amain

The Swedish cavalry and charge across the battle
plain.

“God with us!” and our infantry drive well
their lances home—

“Jesu Maria!” sounds along the imperial lines
of Rome.

The imperial lines give way like reeds when
northern tempests blow ;

The trenches captured are and turned against the
flying foe :

But Friedland rallies his bold troops, they come
with wrath and wrack,

They press us sore, they break our lines, they
drive the battle back,

The trenches are recaptured, the labor is undone ;
A thousand bodies strew the field, yet not an inch
is won.

See! toward the right, what messenger comes
spurring through they fray

To where amid the thickest din the king upholds
the day?

There, 'gainst our shock of cavalry the Croatian
charger rears,

And press against the flying Poles the Finland
cuirassiers :

“O sire! the infantry is pressed and sorely calls
for aid,

And the left wing can scarcely bear the heavy
cannonade!”

“Enough—now Steinbach’s regiment, now Francis
Albert speed,”

And darts like lightning o’er the plain his fiery-
footed steed!

But to the left they rally, and loud the war-cries
ring

“God with us!”—to the rescue—he comes, our
lord and king!

But to that cry exultant, what agony succeeds
As flies a bullet through the air—“Our lord,
our sovereign bleeds!”

“’Tis nothing—on and follow me!” the brave
Gustavus cried,

Then spoke in French to Lauenburg, who gal-
loped by his side—

“I pray thee, brother, lead my horse from out this
thick melee,

For should I fall, it well might fix the fortunes
of the day;

I'm faint and sinking, guide me round unseen
toward the right,
And spare my gallant regiments this soul-subdu-
ing sight."

Alas! thou Christian hero! thou brave and gentle
heart!

The din of battle closes round—farewell! depart—
depart!

What couch so meet to give thee rest as that red
field of strife,

Where for thy God and for mankind was staked
thy gallant life;

Thou, shrined in every human tongue, in every
human heart—

Thou glory to the name of king! farewell! de-
part—depart!

Still pressed the battle onward, and covered o'er
with foam

Still charged our cavalry along the serried ranks
of Rome;

Until with flanks all blood and froth, and flying bit
and mane,

And riderless—our sovereign's horse came scour-
ing o'er the plain:

From lip to lip, from heart to heart, the awful
tale is sped,
“ Our good Gustavus is no more!—our king is
with the dead ! ”

O, Francis, duke of Lauenberg! a fearful charge
they bring—
Didst thou, in that melee, thyself strike down our
gracious king?
For such a deed, that hell itself with shuddering
surveyed,
What hand and heart so fit as thine, thou thrice a
renegade !

Duke Bernard rides before the lines, his kindling
eye is wet:
“ Your king lies murdered on the field, his spirit
leads you yet !
Ho ! noble sons of Finland ! ho, men in upland
bred !
Heroes of Leipzig and of Mentz—on ! and avenge
the dead !

Shall Spaniards triumph o'er the dust of your
anointed lord ?
Not while *one* Swedish arm can lift a musket or
a sword ! ”

Who yonder gallops o'er the field, and forms the
Austrian line ?
The iron demon of the fight, the haughty Wallen-
stein.
A thousand fall, a thousand balls to his one
breast are sped,
Yet safe, alone, he gallops o'er the dying and the
dead ;
Avenging furies shield that breast, and an
assassin's knife,
Not Swedish weapon, is foredoomed to end the
traitor's life.

Now through the thundering cannonade the
trump and shout rose high—
No thought of flight—our only word, to conquer
or to die !

And round our king with shock and clash the
fierce encounters close,
Till o'er his sacred dust is reared a pyramid of foes.
But who can tell what deeds were done? There,
after feats sublime,
Fell Austria's bravest champion, the fiery Pap-
penheim;
And hour by hour, and man to man, we fought
with might and main,
Till many a gallant regiment lay lifeless on the
plain.

So when the trumpet ceased, and the gloomy
night came on;
The foes had turned, the fight was o'er, the
bloody field was won:
And kneeling down bare-headed, our tears be-
dewed the sod,
And sobs and groans were mingled with praises
to our God;
With praises to the Lord of Hosts, the avenger
of the wrong,
Who gives not honor to the proud, nor triumph
to the strong;

The Lord who counselled in his love, and ordered
in his might,
That he who led us forth that morn should come
not back at night.

Now Austria—claim the laurels! now order,
Ferdinand,
Te Deums in Vienna, and through the Spanish
land!
But *ours* the dear-bought victory—the glory and
dismay,
For which our good Gustavus' life was offered up
that day!

LAMENT OF ABD-EL-RHAMAN.

VERSIFIED FROM A PROSE TRANSLATION.

Abd-el-Rhaman-ben-Hixêm, the first Moorish King of Spain, 755 A. D., embellished Cordova with many beautiful gardens ; in one of these he planted a palm tree, from which it is said all the palm trees in Spain have sprung. It is said, too, that one day fixing his eyes on this tree, and deeply moved with the remembrance of his native land, he poured forth these verses.

O STATELY palm ! across the main
Thy land and mine lies far from Spain ;
But thee, the western gales embrace,
The air is pure, the sunlight gleams,
No visions of thy native place
Sweep o'er thy troubled leaves in dreams ;

Thou knowest not human change and hate
Nor tremblest at the storms of fate.

When fierce Al Abbas' wrath of yore
Exiled me from my native shore,
 My tears fell fast on many a palm
 That by Euphrates' margin rose--
 The trees still bloom, the waves run calm
 And bear no record of my woes.
O palm, bloom on! in foreign lands
Thou weepest not for our native sands.

FRANCIS II. AT GAETA.

I.

Of all the realm that owned thy sway
And called thee monarch yesterday,
Thou Bourbon King ! beside the sea
To-day what is there left to thee ?
One fortress, and the foeman's din
Without, and pestilence within.

II.

There leave to meaner lives to man
The wall, and desperate sortie plan ;
And gloating o'er the gold—the wealth
Thy hasty flight bore off by stealth,
Forget the crown that scarcely graced
Thy brow, ere thence 'twas torn debased.

III.

And they who rent the high command
And sceptre from thy feeble hand—
Leave them but freedom and their swords,
They envy not the miser hoards
That buy a shelter and a grave
For thee and thine beyond the wave.

IV.

Where Vistula's far waters glide
Swift onward to the northern tide,
The sovereigns three in council meet.
In Poland's ancient royal seat,
Thou Bourbon King! there yet may be
A hope for tyranny and thee.

V.

But no! the sovereigns of the north
Lead not their marshalled armies forth
To snatch a spoil they may not share.
They make no second Poland where
Sardinian fleets at anchor ride
By Reggio's wall and Arno's tide.

VI.

And kings may now with kings alone
Essay their strength and hold their own ;
But that tremendous human will
That makes and shatters crowns, their skill
Is powerless to control or quell,
As ocean's sand to curb her swell.

VII.

And fair Sicilia, once the den
Of Norman and of Saracen,
By turns upon her hills has seen
The Spaniard and the Anjouine ;
But never have her annals shown
A darker shadow than thine own.

VIII.

Now on Sicilia's flowery sward
Merrily are libations poured ;
And maidens dance in Luna's light—
O ! gentle are those bosoms white,
Yet at thy name is scarce forborne
On those soft lips the curl of scorn.

IX.

And in the palace once thine own
A king is seated on a throne ;
And they that hated thee and thine,
And laughed at sovereigns' rights divine,
Bear far his banners in the field
And make their own bold breasts his shield.

X.

From north, and east, and south, see close
Still narrowing round, the belt of foes,
The mound is raised, and nigh and nigher
The battery points its mouths of fire,
And winged before the western breeze
Sardinia's prows make white the seas.

XI.

And midst them one at anchor lies
O'er which the Kaiser's eagle flies,
Thy country's tyrant once accurst,
He offers thee the last, the worst,
The shelter of her sable wing
To waft thee far, thou crownless king !

XII.

Too long that lesson didst thou spurn
The Bourbons aye were slow to learn;
Bent o'er the past's dead written word,
The present's living voice unheard,
With plain and earnest meaning fraught
That other kings more quickly caught.

XIII.

The breaking of the feudal chain
Resounds through Russia's broad domain,
And Holland half redeems the day
That gave her shores to regal sway:
Deemed'st thou the hills of sun and vine
Were in perpetual bondage thine?

XIV.

Away! and when the dark blue sea
Rolls deep between thy land and thee,
Remember what thou wert and art
Till sickening sinks, subdued, thy heart,
And from another's reign serene,
Too late learn what thou might'st have been.

IN the caliphate of Omar, the second in succession from the Prophet, the Saracens made the most rapid conquests. The Emperor Heraclius, fearful of losing Syria, sent Mahan (or Manuel) with the Greek and Roman forces to oppose them. It was a vain opposition. The final battle which decided the fate of Syria was fought on the banks of the Yermouk; it lasted several days, and ended in the total rout of the Christians. Khaled was the leader of the Saracen host.

THE BATTLE OF YERMOUK.

A. D. 636.

ALLAH ACHBAR! the foes are near, down with the
Christian host!

In vain the Grecian phalanx forms, and Roman
trumpets boast.

On Yermouk's side—on Yermouk's side where
loud the battle clangs,

To-day, O true believers, the fate of Syria hangs!

See yonder panoplies of gold, the purple-vested
steed,

'Tis the imperial Mahan, his haughty heart shall
bleed.

On Saracens! soon their red crests in redder
blood we'll dye,

And their rich robes at Omar's feet shall in Me-
dina lie!

Remember at Emessa how fiercely thundered
down

The Christians to the fight, and fled, or fell before
their town.

Think of Damascus' roses, her golden river's
side,

The plunder of Abyla, and Baalbec's towers of
pride.

See Khaled's eagle banner floats, and blaze his
eagle eyes—

See Paradise unfolds before ; behind, Jehennam
lies.

The Hûr-al-Oyûn* wait for those that press to-day
the sod ;

Down with the dogs of infidels ! there is no God
but God !

Soft are Arabia's melting maids and dark their
houri glance ;

For Islam's faith they wield to-day the scymitar
and lance.

* Houris.

For God and for his prophet charge! shall men
give way and yield,
When maids and mothers dare the shock, and
scour the bloody field?

Far to the south do Ælia's* walls their sacred
heads uprear,
And Christians count their beads and watch by
Jesu's sepulchre.
There soon the Koran shall be heard, and there
the muezzin's cry,
And from their towers yon yellow flag of Mahomet
shall fly.

Allah Achbar! the foes are nigh, their arrows
hide the sun;
How sweet the rest of Paradise when the good
fight is done!
On! to Jehennam speed their souls, their bodies
to the sod!
Allah Achbar! the day is ours, there is no God
but God!

* Jerusalem.

THE history of no country presents so entirely an aspect of romance as the wars in Spain, waged for some centuries between the Moors and Christians. The most desperate struggles, the most brilliant victories, the most disastrous defeats, form one tissue with hair-breadth escapes and personal reverses.

Conspicuous among the last is that of EL ZAGAL, the Moorish king of Granada, whose possessions were invaded by Ferdinand. His capital, Granada, was being convulsed, and his power undermined at the time by the factions of his nephew, BOABDIL EL CHICO; and with civil war threatening close around, he appears not to have appreciated the strength of the coming Christian foe, until warned by the inspired santon, HAMET ABEN ZARRAX.

Afraid to leave his rival behind, and march out to meet Ferdinand, who was about to invest the city of VELEZ MALAGA, he made a proposition to BOABDIL, which was declined. Nothing remained, therefore, but to go himself; and his unfortunate return is one instance more of the instability of a monarch's popularity.

EL ZAGAL.

PART I.

IN Granada's marble street
Crowds the holy Hamet greet;
'Tis the Moorish king he seeks,
To the Moorish king he speaks—
"Thou the name of king would'st boast,
Yet wilt see the kingdom lost.

"Lo! from Cordova the band
Led by crafty Ferdinand
Works Granada woe and loss,
Plants the banner of the cross
On Granada's strongholds, won
For Castile and Aragon.

“Where Bentomiz southward far
Looks on Velez Malaga,
Christian knights to battle call—
Thou within the Alhambra’s hall
Idly sittest, contending still
With thy kinsman Boabdil.”

Then the aged monarch spake—
“Crown and throne will I forsake,
And to Boabdil will yield,
So he leads us to the field.
Let him rout the Christian horde,
And be called Granada’s lord.”

“Boabdil! thy rival sends
And this factious contest ends;
To thy rule he deigns to yield;
Thee will follow to the field;
Thou shalt rout the invading horde
And be called Granada’s lord.”

Bitterly the prince replied—
“Evil now my life betide,

If 'tis placed his grasp within
Who hath slain my sire and kin—
Let him keep his crown and throne,
And go forth to fight alone."

Trumpets now have spread the alarms;
There is buckling on of arms,
Neigh of steed and cymbal's din,
And the Moors come gathering in.
Twice ten thousand men in state
Set forth from Granada's gate.

And the royal town doth ring
With the praises of the king;
Brave El Zagal's deeds they vaunt—
Cowardly Boabdil they taunt;
One goes forth the foe to find—
One, a dastard, lurks behind.

PART II.

From Granada's topmost tower
Sentries look forth hour by hour;

Alfaquis and aged men
O'er the Vega strain their ken,
For the tidings from afar,
From fair Velez Malaga.

Scattered o'er the Vega ride
Messengers at eventide ;
White with foam, with blood-drops red,
In the gate the steeds fall dead—
“Woe—woe to Granada! woe
For El Zagal's overthrow!”

“In the night a tumult rose—
Each glen bristling was with foes ;
Each crag was a bale-fire's glare ;
In the morning twilight, where
Was El Zagal and his host ?
Vanished like a midnight ghost.”

Then a Moor uprose and said—
“Curses on El Zagal's head,
Who hath led to death and shame
Bravest Moslem—men of fame!

From the throne the traitor fling!
Long live Boabdil our king! ”

“ Boabdil! the people’s call
Greets thee in the Albaycin’s hall,
Thee our rightful lord we own,
Thine the sceptre and the throne.
Who El Zagal dares extol
In the dust his head shall roll.”

All the Alhambra blazed with light,
For a king was crowned that night.
Moorish nobles—Alfaquis
Bring in pomp the city’s keys;
But without the gateway high
Four pale headless corses lie.

And that night, by Xenil’s flow
A tired horseman journeyed slow.
He—a king but yesterday
Leading armies to the fray,
Now with but a scanty train
Wanders o’er the hills of Spain.

THE battle of Kadesia took place in the 15th year of the Hegira, A. D. 635, and "is as famous," says Irving "among the Arabs, as that of Arbela among the Greeks." It was one of the many, in which, according to the Moslem creed, the end justified the means, and in which the youthful monarch of Persia, Yezdigird, was called on to embrace Mohammedanism, or prepare for battle. He chose the latter.

SAAD, who succeeded MOSENNA in command, being unable, from sickness, to lead his Moslem host in person, overlooked the field from his tent, where he sat with his beautiful wife, the widow of Mosenna. Grieved at seeing so many gallant warriors fall, the ejaculation escaped her, "Alas! Mosenna Ibn Haris, where art thou?" SAAD, stung by what he considered a reproach, struck her on the face with his dagger.

MOSENNA.

FLUSHED with proud advantage won,
Rustam leads his Persians on,
And the Moslems faint and yield
On Kadesia's bloody field.

Where art thou, Mosenna!

Twice the daylight set and rose
On the dead or grappling foes,
Allah Achbar is the cry—
Yet the faithful fall or fly,

Where art thou, Mosenna!

Who forgets the bold retreat
O'er Euphrates' gory sheet—
When for Islam's sacred trust
Seven brave champions bit the dust?
Where art thou, Mosenna!

Then on Hirah's field the rout
Rallied at Mosenna's shout,
Loud the cries of "Allah" swell,
By thy hand bold Mahran fell—
Where art thou, Mosenna!

Now, a panic fills the plain
Strewn with bravest Moslems slain;
See thy bride in shame and woe
Outraged by a cruel blow—
Where art thou, Mosenna!

Islam's banner wavers yet,
And the ranks of Mahomet
Scorned by infidels and cursed,
Towards the desert are dispersed—
Where art thou, Mosenna!

But they rally ! Allah dart
Courage in each sinking heart,
To the feet of Yezdigird
Chase his vain luxurious herd !
Where art thou, Mosenna !

Then shall every Persian hall
Echo to the Muezzin's call,
To Medina there shall toil
Caravans with Khosru's spoil.
Where art thou, Mosenna !

And his splendor shall be shorn,
And his empire shall be torn,
Even as he the letter tore
That the Prophet's envoy bore—
Where art thou, Mosenna !

Does the Hûr-al-Oyûn's light
Charm, in Paradise, thy sight ?
Hast thou there nor care nor tear
For great Allah's armies here ?
Where art thou, Mosenna !

THE crime of HAKEM seems to have been reliance on the word of KALEB, a rebel in arms against the Moorish king, Al-Moundhir. KALEB had taken possession of Toledo, and HAKEM was sent by the king with an army to dispossess him. On their approach, KALEB entered into negotiations, and offered to retire, provided he was furnished with mules and other means of transportation. HAKEM was deceived by the snare, saw KALEB depart, and himself returned to Cordova, to report his bloodless victory. No sooner, however, was KALEB left to himself, than he repossessed himself of the city. The event occurred in the latter part of the ninth century.

HAKEM.

THERE is spurring o'er the mountains, there is
riding far and fast,
And the echo of the horse-hoofs to Cordova has
passed,
There are letters for Al-Moundhir, and his brow
with anger lowers,
For Kaleb and his rebel host have taken Toledo's
towers.

Fiercely the Moorish monarch cried:—"Whose
folly has wrought this?
Go drag the graybeard Hakem here, his headlong
rashness 'tis.

I warned him that the rebels already false had
played,
Yet scorned he my advices, and a treaty with them
made.”

“Hakem ! the sovereign summons thee, with grief
and anguish sore,
For of fair Toledo captured the blame lies at thy
door ;
In vain thy long white beard will plead, in vain
thy labors done,
He longs to see thy hoary head his palace gate
upon.”

Hakem knew well the monarch's mood, nor dared
he longer stay ;
He mounts his steed to fly—and speeds through
Cordova away,
But in the gate the courser fell, and threw him
lifeless down,
And when he wakened from his trance he met the
monarch's frown.

The king in fury spoke—"Thou well the rebels'
cause hast served
By thy imprudence, and the arm of order hast
unnerved;
The blood that's spilt fall back upon thy head!
and let thy death
Teach men that law and wisdom wait upon a
monarch's breath!"

"Great king! I've served thee, as I served thy
sire for many a day;
Twice twenty years of faithful toil have worn my
life away;
If ill or errors have ensued that I could not fore-
see,
Still all I've done has been the best I knew for
Spain and thee."

Brave Hakem, little reck thy words! a fate
hangs o'er thy head;
Didst thou not boldly dare to weep when Muha-
med lay dead?

Thy gentle rule do not the Moors love well? Shall
monarchs brook
The people shall on any but themselves with favor
look?

The guards have bound thee, and into the outer
court have ta'en,
And by the royal will their swords have rent thy
neck in twain ;
And all through Cordova is sound of weeping and
of dread,
To see fixed on the palace gate the hoary beard
and head.

The king stalks silent in his halls, and through
each street and way
The Moors come riding gloomily and armed for
bloody fray ;
And round the gates the old men meet in terror
whispering low,
As hour by hour comes spurring in some messen-
ger of woe.

TRANSLATIONS.



TO SPRING.

(FROM ANACREON.)

SEE—before the appearing spring
 Bounteous Graces scatter roses,
Ocean's billow—softening
 To a calm—reposes.
See—the duck is on the stream,
 And the crane is on the wing;
 Fleecy clouds fly quivering
From the sun's warm shining beam.
Now too shines man's patient toil
Where with produce swells the soil.
Now puts forth the olive shoot,
 Bacchus' cup is crowned;
And o'erborne with ripening fruit
 Leaves and branches sweep the ground.

TO THE ROSE.

(FROM ANACREON.)

ROSE! the Loves' own rose!

Mingle with the wine we're quaffing!
Rose of beauteous leaves that blows,
Binding round our temples close
Drink we, gaily laughing.

Rose of beauty rare!

Rose, spring's tenderest care!
Even the gods pronounce thee fair.
Roses Venus' son entwining
Round his curling locks and shining
With the Graces linked, advances.
Crown me, then, and near thy shrine
Playing, O thou god of wine,
Where the rich-robed maiden glances,
In wreathed roses will I shine,
And adorned, lead up the dances.

FROM HECUBA.

(Chorus of Captive Trojan Women.)

STROPHE I.

O, ILIUM! Ilium! thou no more art called
The city of the unconquered! A dense cloud
Of Greeks enveloped thy devoted wall,
And with the spear lay waste thy bulwarks
proud ;
Thy crown of towers is shorn, the woful stain
Of ashes has begrimed that pleasant plain
These hapless feet shall press—O, ne'er again!

ANTISTROPHE I.

At dead of night I perished, when upon
The eyes, sweet slumber, from long feasting,
falls;
My lord, the songs and sacrifices done,
Lay on his couch, his spear hung on the wall;
He sees not the strange nautic crowd that meets
In Ilium's silent and deserted streets.

STROPHE II.

I the gold mirror's dazzling circle eyed,
My tresses in enclaspings fillets bound
For night—and on my downy pillow's side
Just was I sinking for repose profound,
When hark! throughout the city far and wide
The air was filled with a tumultuous sound—
A voice through Troy resounded—"Sons of
Greece!
When will ye raze these towers and seek your
homes in peace?"

ANTISTROPHE 11.

In single vesture my dear couch I left
Even as a Doric maiden to adore
Great Artemis. Ah hapless I—bereft
Of safety! ere my orison was o'er
I was torn thence, my bridegroom in his gore
I saw, they dragged me weeping to the shore—
The vessel lifts its anchor swift, and flies,
And Ilium's walls fade from my fainting eyes.

EPODE.

O be the name forevermore accursed
Of the Idean, and accursed be
The Dioscuri's sister! o'er the sea,
The salt sea foam,
Ne'er may she greet again the land that nursed
Her childhood, nor re-tread her beauteous home.
Her false, false bridal, wrought out by some hand
Of vengeful destiny, beyond the deep
Exiles me from my native land,
And seals my eyes in unawakening sleep!

CHORUS FROM HECUBA.

GALE of the sea, gale of the sea,
Wafting the swift barks o'er the surge
Bounding on from verge to verge
Of ocean's wave !
Whither so swiftly bearest thou me ?
To what home—ah haplessly—
Do I go—a purchased slave ?

To the Doric port, to the Phthian shore,
Where Apidanus' stream, they say,
Through rich plains winds its beauteous way ?
Whither, away—with the maritime oar ?

Or to that isle where the palm first sprung
And (emblems of the birth divine)
The laurel's hallowed branch first clung
Round loved Latona's shrine?
There shall I weeping, wear away
My soul in slavery's woful day,
There sick at heart amid a throng
Of Delian nymphs, intone in song
Immortal Artemis the chaste,
With bow and golden fillet graced?
Or in Athenian halls to ply
The labors of the gorgeous loom,
And make, on robes of saffron dye,
The varied flower-wrought broideries bloom—
Depicting Pallas onward whirled—
Her steeds—her beauteous chariot's sweep,
Or Titans, by Zeus' thunder hurled
To their eternal sleep?

Alas, my children! and alas, my sires!
Alas, my country! how deplored—how dear!
In sable smoke thy glorious day expires,
Thou desolated by the Argeian spear!

Far from thy strand
A captive am I borne o'er ocean's wave,
And leave *thee* too, my fatherland,
Like me—a slave !
Farewell !
Far over ocean's swell,
O beauteous Asia ! Europe's slave, farewell—
I leave my bridal chamber for the grave !

FROM A CHORUS IN ALCESTIS.

DAUGHTER of Pelias! farewell, farewell!

The sunless halls of Dis receive thy tread.

But let the dark-haired monarch of the dead

And the grim, silent ferryman of hell,

Who sits intent on rudder and on oar,

Wafting the spectres to the sable shore,

Know how beloved, how sweet, how chaste a
bride

To-day floats o'er the Acheronian tide.

Thee shall the servants of the Muses sing,

The seven-toned lute shall on the mountains
sound,

And soft hymns rise when silent sleeps the string

In Sparta, when, the annual circle crowned,
The season brings the Carnean feast around;
And through the livelong night the moonbeams
rest
On Athens—the magnificent and blest.

* * * * *

O that my voice could reach thee on the shores
Of darkness where the hoarse Cocytus roars!
O that my tears could touch thee in the hall
Of Hades, and recall thy steps above,
As thou—O unexampled! didst recall
Thy bridegroom peerless in thy death and love!

* * * * *

The mother shrinking from the realms unknown,
And hoary-headed sire the quest deny,
She in the pride of youth and joy alone
Refused not for her best beloved to die.

FROM A CHORUS IN ALCESTIS.

UPBORNE far through the Muses' land
And touching many a theme,
I learn, 'tis but an idle dream
'Gainst Destiny to stand.

O not the Thracian tablets that of old
Orpheus deigned engrave,
Nor the medicinal drugs Apollo gave
To Esculapius' children—hold
A charm to save.

To her dread altars are no offerings sent,
To them no footstep turns—
Before her sculptured form no knee is bent,
The sacrifice she spurns.

* * * * *

And thee, Admetus ! thee a fate most dread
Inevitable grasps—yet bear—nor weep,
Tears will not wake the dead—
Lo ! in the grave the god-begotten sleep.
For thee did earth's most beauteous blossom
bloom,
How loved in life ! how worshipped in the tomb !

Count not that tomb as a cold dead stone
That covers a cold dead dust ;
Thither shall come the pilgrim lone
As to some god's pure shrine, and own
Her name with prayer and trust.
And travellers turning from their way
Will kneel by the hallowed place and say—
“ In olden time she perished for her lord,
And now on high
She sits adored—
Hail ! be propitious, blest Divinity ! ”

HARALD THE VALIANT.

AROUND Sicilia's fertile shore

My brown ship filled with warriors brave,
In splendid state, with sail and oar
Skimmed rapidly the wave.

I thought my sails for fight arrayed
Would never slacken on the main ;
And yet—and yet a Russian maid
Looks on me with disdain.

With Drontheim's hosts in youth I fought,
Unequal battle did we wage,
Superior odds the foeman brought
And fearful was the rage.

Young as I was, my trusty blade
Left their bold monarch mid the slain ;
And yet—and yet a Russian maid
Looks on me with disdain.

One day, twice eight we were on board,
A tempest rose and swelled the sea,
The waves upon our vessel poured,
We cleared it faithfully ;
Thence brightest hopes around me played ;
Alas! that brightest hopes are vain !
And yet—and yet a Russian maid
Looks on me with disdain.

Eight exercises I perform—
On horse I boldly scour the field,
I bravely meet the battle storm,
And lance and oar can wield ;
I swim the breakers undismayed,
And skim on skates the frozen plain,
And yet—and yet a Russian maid
Looks on me with disdain.

What maid or widow can deny—
 When southward of the city height,
As ruddy morning streaked the sky—
 Closed in the ranks of fight,
I bravely fought? rich trophies paid
 My prowess gainst the hostile train,
And yet—and yet a Russian maid
 Looks on me with disdain.

In Norway's uplands was I born
 Where well the warriors bend the bow,
Now trembling landsmen mark at dawn
 My anchored ships below.
Their keels have many a furrow laid
 In oceans, far from man's domain,
And yet—and yet a Russian maid
 Looks on me with disdain.

THE FUNERAL SONG OF HACON.

GONDUL—lo! and Scogul wait,
Mighty goddesses of fate,
Sent by Odin's mandate forth
Mid the sovereigns of the north
One of Yngvon's race to call
To the eternal banquet hall.

They Biorno's brother found
All unarmed on battle ground;
His proud banner shades him o'er,
Fast the foemen fall before,
Brandished swords flash in the sun,
And the conflict is begun.

Haleyg's dwellers does he call—
And the island dwellers all;

Prince-destroyer, see him ride
With his Norsemen by his side,
'Neath his helmet grim he smiles
Waster of the Danish isles.

The brave king had on the field
Thrown his golden casque and shield,
With the princes—sons of fame—
Mingling in heroic game,
When the battle's thunder-tone
Called him forth to guard his throne.

See the king's good weapon pass
Through the mail and through the brass
As through mountain streams 'twere sent;
Javelins clash, stout shields are rent,
On the helmet and the brain
Deadly strokes come down like rain.

Tyr and Bauga! gods of war!
Lo! your javelins shivered are.
Lo! in Storda's isle they join,
And the kings break through the line—

Through the fence of shields that stood,
Staining them with human blood.

Swords wax hot, red wounds distend,
O'er men's lives the long shields bend,
Spears on Storda's reeking shore
Red the battle deluge pour ;
On that promontory high
Heaps of wounded warriors lie.

Gory wounds they scorn, they toil
Wrestling for the battle spoil.
Fiercely rages Odin's storm,
Still the blood runs swift and warm,
Still hot swords their labors ply,
Still the many heroes die.

Then the chiefs sate on the field—
Blunted sword and shattered shield—
Cloven were their coats of mail
Where the arrows fell like hail.
No more dares the host to hope
Will Walhalla's portals ope.

Gondul on her lance leans near,
And she speaks these words of cheer :
“ Now the gods’ eternal feast
They decree shall be increased—
Hacon and his host I call
To the eternal banquet hall.”

Those fair nymphs does Hacon hear,
Seated on their war-steeds near.
Clothed in helmet and in shield,
Full of thought they scan the field.

Hacon speaks—“ O goddess, say,
Why thus close the battle day,
With more glorious fate unblest ? ”
Scogul answers—“ Be at rest ;
By my hand thy foes undone,
See thy fame and triumph won.

“ Sister—sister—swiftly ride
Through the gods’ green empires wide,
To all-potent Odin say
Hacon treads the lonely way.”

Thus commands the all-potent—"Speed—
Brago and Hermode, lead—
Lead the approaching warrior guest,
Hail him to the halls of rest."

Now the king within the hall
Stands besprent with carnage all,
Sees the mighty Odin near—
Odin terrible—severe.

Brago greets him—"Fear not thou—
Thine are peace and glory now.
Here with gods and heroes pour
Brimming mead forevermore.
Lo! within Walhalla's gate
Thee thine eight bold brethren wait."

Hark! the hero's proud behest—
"Leave my hauberk on my breast;
Coat of mail and helmet fair
Ever should the warrior wear,

And the good sword of the North
Ready ever to leap forth."

Now is seen how well that heart
Bore in life its noble part.
The great conclave of the skies
And the lesser gods uprise,
The new guest with shouts they greet,
And prepare an equal seat.

Blest the monarch's day of birth
When even gods revere his worth ;
Even the age that saw his fame
Shares the memory of his name.

Through the world, through man's domains,
The wolf Feuris freed from chains
Fearful revellings shall hold,
Ere a king so good, so bold,
Treads again the lonely road
Leading to the gods' abode.

Riches perish ; dust in dust
Sleep the kindred hearts we trust ;
Kingdoms wasted meet their doom ;
Many nations sit in gloom ;
With the gods does Hacon dwell,
Glorious—inaccessible.

NOTE TO HARALD.

HARALD HARDRAADA, who reigned in Norway in the 11th century, a poet as well as a king, during a warlike expedition which he made to Sicily, the Euxine Sea, and Africa, composed a poem which consisted originally of sixteen verses. The *Russian Maid* was ELIZABETH, daughter of JARIZLAUS, king of Holmgard, a princess whom he afterward married.

It was this same HARALD who, after the death of EDWARD the Confessor, invaded England, and was killed in a battle near York. His poetic genius did not desert him at the last, for it is said that just entering into the engagement he chanted the following verse :

“ On and away—
Speed to the fray !
Nor breast-plate we wear
In the sword-light glare.

The helmets shine ;
 That armor of mine
 With its rich-wrought device
 In my good ship lies."

"A rude unpolished verse have I sung," said he, "now must I make another and a better one." Then he continued :

"There is death on the plain ; with mighty din
 The Virgin Hilda* bids begin
 The fight, she calls—she urges in
 Where sharp bright weapons crowd.
 She stands 'neath the hollow-breasted shield,
 She shouts, the shock is on the field,
 O'er the head the glittering sword they wield,
 The clash of steel is loud.

The above is taken from SNORRO STURLESON (Latin translation).

Six verses of HARALD'S song are preserved by BARTHO-LIN, who adds a Latin translation. The following is the first verse.

I.

Sneid fyrir Sikiley vida
 sud varum þa prudir
 brunn skreid vel til vanar

*The northern goddess of war.

vengis hiortr und drengium
 vaetti ek midr at motti
 muni enn þannigrenna
 þo laetr gerdr i gordum
 gollhrings vid mer skolla.

I.

Circulvit Siciliam passim navis, tum magnifice fuimus fusca
 meavit properè pro spe nostra, navis sub viris, spero ego, con-
 ventus memor, eam exinde ita cursuram, attamen virgo Rus-
 sica me respuit.

NOTE TO HACON.

HACON the GOOD is well known in history. He was a brave and skilful warrior, and subjected all Norway to his power. His reign was long and prosperous, but was disturbed by the sons of his brother ERIC, who, taking up their abode in Denmark, made frequent attacks on his kingdom. HACON was a Christian, and endeavored to persuade his people to embrace Christianity, but met with strong opposition.

He was feasting in the island of Storda, his native place, when messengers arrived announcing the approach of a large army led by one of the sons of ERIC. He immediately engaged the enemy and put them to flight, but was himself mortally wounded. Taken into his ship he

soon expired. His last words were—"Had a longer life been granted to me, I would have left my kingdom and country, and seeking the society of Christian men, would have expiated the faults I have committed against God. If, however, I am to die here among Pagans, pay the just dues to the dead, in the manner that shall seem best to you." He died A. D. 963.

This song was composed on his death by the celebrated EYVINDR SKALLDASPILLIR. It is one of the oldest specimens of Norwegian poetry, and is given entire in SNORRO STURLESON's *Saga Hakonar Goda*. This poem illustrates the popular belief of the ancient Norsemen, that Odin sent his Valkyrjor before a battle to choose those who were to fall in the conflict, and to conduct their souls after death to Valhalla.



